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THE

UNIVERSITY SNOWDROP.

THE

UNIVERSITY SNOWDROP:

AN APPENDIX

TO

THE GREAT TRIAL;

CONTAINING

A SELECTION OF SQUIBS, OLD AND NEW,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE WARS OF THE QUADRANGLE,
AND THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.

WITH MAGNIFICENT EMBELLISHMENTS.

EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY RICHARD WESTON & SON,
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PREFACE.

THE noblest theme of the noblest poets, in all ages, has been WAR. The minstrel's lyre was first strung to wake forth in soul-inspiring sounds the admiration of the deeds of heroes. Old Homer, that chief of song, thundered in never-dying strains the fight of Ilium, and many a Grecian bard trod joyous in his path. Virgil chose for the song which was to shrine his name through coming ages, the warlike perils of the good Æneas. Tasso chaunted forth the deeds of Godfrey and Rinaldo, and many a Christian knight, when, cross on shoulder and sword in hand, they went forth to drive the Saracen from the sacred city. Ariosto strung his harp, to sing the dauntless might of great Orlando. The Niebelungen Lay tells a fearful fight in days of chivalry. Shakespeare immortalizes the triumph of England's kings; and MILTON, inspired, sung to us the supernatural fight that raged among the Angels themselves at the very gates of heaven.

But soul-inspiring as the themes of these mighty bards undoubtedly were, a theme, yet nobler, has within the last two months, entranced the minds of men, and inspired the souls of poets hitherto unknown. That famous *War* of blows and words, which so lately shook Edinburgh to the centre, has proved the prolific source of never-ending song. And though it is probable, nay, almost certain, that the Verses which have been poured forth, as from a cornucopia, on the occasion, are the productions of different and distinct poets, it is also probable that, after the lapse of a few centuries, they will be sung by mankind as one great epic, and looked upon by critics as the immortal poem of an immortal poet. Such is the theory of many concerning the existence of Homer, and that mass of poems known as the Iliad and Odyssey, the evident result of a snow-ball fight at the village of Troy in Asia Minor.

It would be easy to draw a parallel between the heroes of Troy and the heroes of the Quadrangle, to find an Achilles and a Hector, an Agamemnon and a Priam; even Helen, if sought for, might not

be found wanting; even the wooden horse finds its equivalent in a wooden cart, (see Indictment.) But there is no need of such a comparison, the fame of Ilium is fading fast from the minds of men,—the fame of the Quadrangle is fresh and green. The heroes of Troy lie mouldering in the dust,—the heroes of the Quadrangle tread proudly the admiring pavement of Prince's Street. The vanquished Police,—the vanquished Mob,—the vanquished Provost,—the vanquished Bailies, all live to adorn with lugubrious countenances the purlieus of High Street.

It is to be regretted that the wonderful poems which follow do not mention so many of the personages concerned as might be wished,—but in order to supply the deficiency, and make up for any historical inaccuracies, we quote the following true account of the War, from a newly discovered fragment of Scottish History:—

Heare beginneth the Chronykil of the Studentis their Warre.

It befell in the zeir of our Lord auchteen hundred thretty and aucht zeirls, that ther happened ane direful fecht in the guid toun of Edinborough, sic as wals the wonte in the auld dais quhan 'cleare the caulsay' was the worde amang the idle jackmen of our auld lordis. The parties quha were in this fecht were on the ane hande ane large bodie of the Lord Provist his bodyguard, togedder with ane large gatheringe, out of pure guid-will, of that verrie auncient and richt worthie clan, callit villainis or blackguardis, and on the tother hande were the laddes of ye College of King James the Sext, of blessed memorie. There laye meikle snaw on the grund that daye; and as that divine philosopher, Aristotle the Stagyrite, hath weel sed, that necessitie is the mother of inventioun, so with that provisioun of nature made the Studentis quherewith to withstande the onslaughts of the joinit forces of the enemies. In this zeire there dwallit in Edinborough ane man callit Grieve, ane quha keepit a wabster's or huckster's schop, and wals a bailzie at the time, and he being frayed the lozens of his schoppe windows micht tak damage, he callit out the Lord Provost, that he with the Toun Guarde micht redd the riot; but alacke, that sic things suld happen in ane quiet toun. Quhan he cam up the Studentis askit att him gif his mother kennit that hee wals forth of the hous, the quhilk made him for to think that hee suld bee at ither worke by fechtinge with a quheen daffin callants, so hee bot to bee hame; but the Bailzie Grieve, and ane ither Bailzie quha keepit a baxter's stall by the Luckenbooths—"Na, na!" quoth they, "ye maun not be aff that gate; quhat will ye do gyf the guids and chattels of the tounsfolkes sall tak scaith or damnage. I redd thee thou sall be lyk puir Pirnie Winkle, and sall pay for all." "Nay, nay, holde thy hande now, guid Maister Grieve, quhat wuld you have me for to do?" "Quhat wad ye do," quoth the Bailzie, "but send for her blessed Majestie her armie." "Hoot," quoth the Provost again, "its but the callantis playinge with snawbe's after a'; and baith you and I, Bailzie Sawers, have ither farls to bake bye trustinge our lyffis amang a quheen bare bottomit fellowes wi' gunnes in ther handis." "If ye doe not soe," quoth Grieve, "I redd ye, ye sall anser it." "Aweel, Bailzie," quoth

the Provost, "ane wilfulle traveller but to gang his ain proper gate." And soe ganging forthe, they set on to that auncient fortresse and strongholde, callit the Castell of Edinborough, quhare the Quene's grace she keepit her Seventy-and-nint regiment, and gar them boune them to the College with muckle municioun and store of warre. Bot the magistrats they thocht it wals bot a temptacioun to Providence to riske themsells amang the Redshanks, so they tellit them that they suld not minde the blackguardis, bot help tak the Studentis, and clap them in safe haulding in the tolbooth. Quilk dune, they intoe the Chaumber of Council, and sendit therefrom ane Dymocke, ane strong and bauld man, with ane statute again riots, telling him that gyf ony of the Studentis suld be shot or otherwise much dammagit be the armie, he suld instanter read this act agin them; and this being settled, the sendit out to ane Rutherford's, for ane chappin or therebye of aqua vitæ, quherewith to keep up their wauvering hearts. And quhan they seed the Studentis taen by to the tolbooth, then gat they as bauld as lions, and they joyit themsells quhan they seed the Toun Guarde to thump them with many blows—and sare. And richt surely were they logit in the donjons of the tolbooth. The quhilk quhan the Studentis that were left in the College heard of, they marchit up richt fearsomely, and gat them out upon forfeit given that they wold anser for it againe. But the Bailzies, quhan the time had com quhan they suld have been tried, they were fleyed that the Studentis wold rise against them; and als ther eville consciences did moch smite them for quhat they had done, so they wold put the fardel from off their own shouthers, so they sended them to the Sheariffe, in quham they thocht that they mocht put their trust. Now the tryal bein langtyme put off, the Studentis did never give the Bailzies any peace, bot craving their tryal, troubilt them verrie scharplie with sangs and ballants, flytin and scorning at them, so they put the breivis quherof they had provyded themselves, into the hands of ane Innes, quha wals at that time a Depyt-Advocat for the Quene her interest. Quilk thing quhan the Studentis sawe, they callit ane sturdy advocate, quha was callit Maister Paitrick, that he micht speik for them, the quhilk he did so richtly weil, that the Bailzies were ashamit to be so conquerit be the bois, as they wold call them in the pleasantrie of their sair hearts. Quhan they saw that the 200 lbs. Scottis, with quhilk the hopit to pay the dinner quhilk the Provist had ordered in the Candilmackers Raw, wals not forthecoming, and Godsooth, ruit it ful mickle thereafter quhan the bill cam round, for quhan they lookit that hee suld pay for all, hee paid but his proper schott, and sent the bill around to them, tellin them that of a surety there was no mistak.

THE BATTLE OF THE QUADRANGLE.

> Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ,
> Grandinis misit Pater, et rubente
> Dextera sacras jaculatus arces,
> Terruit urbem:
> HORACE.

Of late, in the College there's been a great row,
The devil to pay, and the Lord knows how;
Mob, Council, and Charlies, all joined in a rout
To clear the Quadrangle, and turn us all out!
Turn us all out!
Turn us all out!
To clear the Quadrangle and turn us all out!

But no force of baton could there keep the peace,—
We leathered the Mob, and we thrashed the Police;
Their thickheads were cracked with our cudgels so stout,
We cleared the Quadrangle, and turned them all out!
Turned them, &c.

They sent for the Provost—he came in a fright,
A legion of snow-balls were dimming his sight;
He stood at the gate, not within showed his snout,
And the riot act read, that they might turn us out!
They might, &c.

But what could our sticks do 'gainst stickers of steel?
'Gainst bullets and bayonets there's no appeal,—
For they marched in the army to finish the rout,
And with muskets and bayonets they turned us out.
They turned, &c.

The Ministers lately have been in a fright,
Lest the soldiers in snow would run and not fight;
So to practice for Canada, sirs, without doubt
They fetched in the lobsters to turn us all out.
To turn, &c.

But Students have rights, and their rights shall be known,
What!—shall we not do what we like with our own?
For letting the snobs at our gates stand and flout,
Both Patrons and Police shall yet be turned out!
Yet be turned out!
Yet be turned out!
Both Patrons and Police shall yet be turned out!

BATTLE OF THE BALLS.

Of Alma and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When the Students all stood forth
'Gainst the minions of the town,
And their snow-balls on the Bridge fleetly flew.
I can't tell you how or why,
But each Student took a shy,
And floored were passers by
Not a few!

Like ravens to the row,
Came Pond and his Police,
(For breaking heads, we know,
Is their way of keeping peace,)
It was two post meridiem by the bell:
Up the Bridges as they dashed,
The boldest looked abashed,
For they knew they would be bashed
Very well!

Out the youth of Alma poured
To anticipate the scene—
And their balls the faster showered
O'er the deadly space between:
"We'll be licked!" bellowed Pond, "that's the fact."
So around his band he looks,
"Now go, B 20, Snooks,
And summons Bailie Crooks
With the Act!"

The Act was read in vain—
But the havoc did not slack,
Till Crooks had fled again
To the Council-Chambers back,
And that there was a riot he would vouch:
Then came the soldiers all,
With their captains stout and tall,
And sixty rounds of ball
In their pouch.

Out spake the Major then,
And he trembled as he spoke—
"We are brothers—we are men—
By the Lord, my nose is broke!
Are your cartridges, my men, duly rammed;
Our patience you will tire,
Peace is all we require,
Then yield, or we shall fire!"
"You be d——d!"

Then the Provost forth he came,
For he saw it was no go:
Said he, "It is a shame
To treat the Students so,—
If you'll promise, my young friends, to withdraw,

No longer at the gate
The Policemen shall wait,
And the vengeance I'll abate
Of the law."

"That will do," the Students cried,
And each band departed straight.
And one by one they hied
Through the lofty College gate.
But they knew not how severely they were watched;
For Pond and all his rout,
They raised a horrid shout,
And as every man came out
He was cotched.

Brave hearts! who fought so well,
Once so faithful and so true,
In your dungeon's gloomy cell,
Our eyes shall weep for you.
We'll be bail for every one of you and bond!
And when you all are freed,
I think we are agreed
On one article of creed,
DOWN WITH POND!!!

STANZAS ON A LATE BATTLE.

Of the combat in the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When the Charlies fierce came forth,
To defend the trembling town;
While the ragged crew without, hiss and groan,
Every Student took his stand,
Till the College gates were mann'd,
And shillelles in each hand,
Proudly shone.

Intent upon a row,
Rose their clamour wild and loud,
And in showers the snow-balls flew,
At the raggamuffin crowd.
It was just two o'clock, by the time;
When the medicals came out,
As each wav'd his cudgel stout,
Cried, "to crack a Charlie's snout,
Is no crime."

So down the stairs they dash'd,
Spreading terror far and wide;
Right and left the crabsticks smash'd:
Yells were heard on ev'ry side.
"Hit 'em hard," it was the cry,—when each man
With an adamantine whack,
Made their empty noddles crack,
Now, ye Charlies, pay them back!!
If ye can!!!

Again, again, again,
And the havoc did not slack,
Till to cut their sticks, they deign,
And within the gates fly back.
Stones and dirt, along the streets, slowly boom;
And the Charlies, bruis'd and pale,
With the mob behind their tail,
Our environs to assail,
Did presume.

But with joy ye Students shout,
At the tidings of your might,
How ye made the claret spout!
How the scoundrels maul'd took flight!
Until amidst their howling and uproar,
The Lobsters in were led,
And the riot act was read,
While the Provost popp'd his head
Through the door.

Brave hearts!—Turn out's the word;
Though you've leather'd the Police,
Yet a baton's not a sword,
So leave the field in peace.
And our bards shall sing the glory of the day,
How many a skull and hat,
To the tune of "Tit for Tat,"
Was bash'd and batter'd flat,
In the fray.

KILSPENDIE.

THE COLLEGE COMBAT.

Audiet cives acuisse ferrum
Quo *Canadenses* melius perirent,
Audiet pugnas vitio *Policemen*
Rara Juventus.

On old Edina's dusky town
The morning light shines dimly down,
While spacious street, and dingy row,
Lie thickly clad in virgin snow;
And every house-top glimmers bright,
In garb of all unwonted white.
Then roused at peep of day,
Scarce rested from laborious night,
To join a class by candle light,
The institutes of med'cine height;
With many a growl, yet urged by fright,
Lest cards be called, in wretched plight,
The Student wends his way.
Say, when with cold and want of rest,
The luckless Student is oppressed,
What cheers his melancholy breast,
And clears his clouded brow?

As meets his eye the snowy glare
Of the Quadrangles surface bare,
Is any fun, is any flare-
Up sport to be expected there?
Yes; Hope has whispered, we've a fair
Chance of a jolly row.
And on this morning, big with fate,
'Tis mine, a shindy to relate;
Compared to which, the scuffles stout
Which Botany once brought about,
When Ned and Harry came to blows
About the colour of a rose, *
Were but a muffled sparring match,
Contrasted with the real scratch.

Long ere the class of Hope was out,
Was heard the merry Students' shout,
And down the stair they ran
To join the dreadnought-coated rout;
And standing forth, like champions stout,
With might and main, a friendly bout
Of snow-balls they began.
And had such pastime closed the day,
'Twere mine to sing a shortened lay.
But soon, as sent by adverse Fate,
A mob surrounds the College gate;
And Discord, with her bloody thong,
With rage inflames the unwashed throng;
Till from without, a galling fire
Of snow-balls wakes the Students' ire;
And, quickly from within returned,
The spheric combat fiercely burned.
So, if with visage circumspect,
And angry grin, and tail erect,
Two dogs encounter in the street;
We pull their tails with finger neat;
They growl and walk away.
But if the blood of Bull prevail,
Each, that the other tweaked his tail,
For granted takes, and tooth and nail
They grapple in the fray.
And now to bid the tumult cease
Are gathering fast the new police,
And constables a stalwart band,
Before the College entrance stand.
Awhile they pause, and view afar
The threatening front of College war;
Then fiercely up the stairs they pressed,
The Student leaders to arrest.

* Probably referring to a series of faction fights which took place between two clans of the names of York and Lancaster, a few years since, somewhere in the south of Ireland.
PRINTER'S DEVIL.

As bursts upon the rock the surge,
The rear upon the foremost urge;
And firmly as that ocean rock
The Student column meets the shock;
And crabsticks clash, and batons clang,
Wide through the old Quadrangle rang;
And many a whack from cudgel stout,
By Student gay and watchman lout,
Are boldly ta'en and given.
Peals from the mass the battle shout,
The hats of felt are knocked about,
And down the steps in shameful rout,
The constables are driven.
See how the wounded strive in vain
Their battered castors to regain;
No more, alas! a shapely hat,
But crushed, and torn, and pounded flat,
Sticks on his head each watchman wight,
As limps he from the hopeless fight;
And many a broken head can tell
The cudgels have been wielded well.
Twice on the bold defenders close
The constables with showering blows,
Twice beaten back retreat.
Till loud the voice of Stewart rose,
"Lieutenant Pond the gates unclose,
And to the Students we'll oppose
Our friends who throng the street."
Still, though by numbers backward borne,
The Students to the fight return;
And both police and mob had whacked;—
When loud is heard the Riot Act,
And by three hundred soldiers backed,
The Provost marches in,
As though the 79th had lacked
Fresh laurels there to win.
And thirsting all for medals new,
To rival those at Waterloo;
Across the Quad. a gallant band
With bayonets fixed, they take their stand.
High mounted on the balustrade,
Here Christison a speech has made;
While round him thronged the Students, fain
His well-known good advice to gain;
And these the friendly words he said,
"My lads, you'd better cut;
The martial law assumes its reign;
Resistance now were madly vain.
And if you stay, 'tis on the pain
In jail of being put."
A sadder scene must now ensue,
Which long the constables shall rue;
For as they seize upon the prey
Of Students, noted in the fray,
And bear them of to quod,

The rabble they allow to show
Their fury in unmanly blow,
And punch the captives as they go
With many a cruel prod.
Now all the din of strife has ceased,
And from unwonted guard released,
The soldiers, through the sounding arch,
Tramp heavy on their homeward march.
And evening settles darkly down
On College grey and noisy town.

JOHN KNOCKS.

THE GALLANT SEVENTY-NINTH.

Tune.—"The British Grenadiers."

Hurrah! for the gallant 79th, that regiment so brave,
That marched into the College, from destruction dire to save
The People, Provost, and Police, the Magistrates, and Town;
For the Students were destroying all, and knocking every one down.

Hurrah! for the gallant 79th, that regiment so gay,
That marched against the Students, and did'nt run away!
But braver far than Charlies are, took up a gallant stand,
Across the great Quadrangle, to fortify the land!

Hurrah! for the gallant Soldiers, true Britons every man,
Who fearlessly at duty's call unto the College ran;
But firm stood with fixed bayonets until the row did cease,
And did'nt cut and run away, like the Mob and the Police!

Hurrah! for the gallant Major, who march'd in sword in hand,
In spite of yell and snow-ball, at the head of his gallant band;
And though the snow fell thick and fast, no symptom show'd of fear,
But boldly braved the Students' shouts like a British Grenadier!

Hurrah! for the gallant Officers who did the Major follow!
Nor spoiled their handsome trowsers with terror at the hollo
Of the Students, (as the Bailies did,) but drew their swords so bright,
And halted in the Quadrangle, full in the Students' sight!

Then pledge the gallant 79th, that regiment so brave,
That did the land of Scotland from dire destruction save;
And hope we that the Army, and regiments of line,
May always serve their country like No. 79!

B. B.

A NEW SONG,

Concerning why and wherefore the Lord Provost called in the Military.

Tune.—" Black Joke."

Frosty old Fogo, our Provost so grand,
The greatest man living in all the land,
With his big wig and magistrate's mace,
T' other day heard the Students were thrashing the mob,
And licking the Charlies all over the nob,
Came up to the College for to interfere ;
But Provost and Bailies were up the spout there,
With their big wigs and magistrate's mace.

Old Frosty looked big as he came up the street ;
But the very first Student old Frosty did meet,
With his big wig and magistrate's mace !
Clapped the old fellow's back as he looked very wise,
So hard that the tears started out from his eyes ;
And roared in his ears as he stared then about,
" Does your 'telligent mother know you are out,
With your big wig and your magistrate's mace ! "

" Do you know who I am ? " said my Lord, looking blue,
The Student looked funny, and said " Who are you,
With the big wig and magistrate's mace ? "
" I am the Lord Provost, and, Sir, I come here
To teach you our dignity for to revere ! "
Says the Student, " Pray tell, no offence, now, I hope,
Pray tell how your dignity is off for soap,
With its big wig and its magistrate's mace ! "

The Provost got angry, the Provost looked glum,
The Students all flouted and looked very rum,
At his big wig and magistrate's mace !
To the Castle for Lobsters the Provost did send,
In order his dignity for to defend ;
They marched in the College and finished the rout,
And this is the reason why we were turned out
By the big wigs and the magistrate's mace !

B. B.

THE MAJOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS

UPON A LATE BRILLIANT OCCASION.

" Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori."

COMPANIONS IN ARMS !
Your standard uprear,
Sound all the trumpets, and banish your fear,

Beat loud the drums for renowned in story
Shall be our achievements this day, and our glory.
March, soldiers, march! 'tis to glory we go,
In spite of the Students, snow-balls, and snow!

See yonder building which points to the skies—
That is the goal, on it fix your eyes;
Prepare to assail the Temple of Knowledge,
To burst through the gates and capture the College.
Ignorance now is no longer your foe,
You march against Students armed with snow.

What though the Provost quite pale with affright,
Has from the scuffle ta'en refuge in flight,—
What though his courage has melted away,
Like ice, at the heat of this fearful affray?
I trust that you, soldiers, will not be so
Timid as he for the Students and snow!

What, although, baffled some hundred police
Have vainly attempted to keep the peace;
What though their squad with scarcely a hat on,
Have meanly retired, with the loss of one *baton?*
Regardless, brave troops, of *their* overthrow,
We'll conquer or die 'mid Students and snow.

Though the pitiless snow-*balls* fly through the air,
Nought is too great for our valour to dare;
At the bayonet's point, we'll enter the place,
And put to flight all who there show their face.
Not one Professor shall dare to say, No!
While our arms we pile o'er the conquer'd snow!

Like true Scottish warriors we'll boldly advance,
To win nobler wreaths than those won from France;
Come, let us not tarry to eat, shave, or wrangle,
But hasten at once to that famous Quadrangle,
Where all our opponents we soon shall lay low,
To bite the *dust* (?) 'mid their favourite snow.

And then, O my men, should victory crown
Our loyal efforts to put riot down,
Who knows but your Chief to the Court may be cited
To kiss his Queen's hand, perhaps to be knighted!
While the song and the feast to you shall flow,
For you duty done on that field of snow!

Alas for the hero of Waterloo!
He may hide his head, and his face look blue,
His exploits shall no more in verse be sung,
Poets shall write but of Major Y——g!
And hearts of Britons shall keenly glow,
While they think of his deeds amid the snow.

On our flag Salamanca's name no more
Shall be read with the joy it was before;
For the boast of the 79th shall be
The "Battle of the University!"
These silken folds, with honest pride shall show
Our worthy prowess at the "Fight of Snow!"

[Exeunt milites with loud hurrahs, in double quick time.]

CLAN CHARLIE'S PIBROCH.

DUB, a Pond.—*Jamieson's Dictionary.*

Hail to our chief who in triumph advances!
Honour'd and bless'd be his collar so red!
Long may the staff in his mawley that glances
Flourish, the shelter and guard of his head.
Long may he redd the row,
Heaven send him pluck enow
Students to bully, and rascals to drub;
While all the Policemen
Send our shout back again:
Charlie, vich-Charlie, Dub, ho! rub-a-dub!

He is no Highlandman cotched at the shearing,
Kyloes he drove not, nor tended the nowt;
Pock-pudding Cockney, nor Paddy from Erin;
Long may Clan Charlie respond to his shout.
Shopkeepers far and near
View him with love and fear;
Daily they treat him with swizzle and grub;
Carr and Mulholland then
Echo his praise back again:
Charlie, vich-Charlie, Dub, ho! rub-a-dub.

Proudly our rattles we've sprung in the Vennel,
And Canongate snobs to the scrimmage defied;
The Students by scores we have soused in the kennel,
And the best of the pea-jackets floored in their pride.
Lodging and servant maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Sousing clan Charlie with kettle and tub;
Students and gentlemen
Shake when they see again
Charlie, vich-Charlie, Dub, ho! rub-a-dub.

Shout, Charlies, shout for the Pride of the Pleasance,
Wave all your staffs for the collar so red;
O that the castor which Stewart bedizens
Were placed on the crown of a worthier head!
O for some seedy tile
Worthy that noble Swell,
Then our bold Captain, no longer a Sub;
Loud would Clan Charlie then,
Shout with the Policemen:
Charlie, vich-Charlie, Dub, ho! rub-a-dub.

ANG. MAGGRUGER.

THE POLICEMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

To stand, or not to stand, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler on the head, to suffer
The sticks, and snow-balls of outrageous Students;
Or to take arms against the audacious crew,

And, by the baton, rout them?—To fly,—to run,
No more; and, by a run, to say we end
The headache, and a thousand little shocks
Our skulls are heir to, —— 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To rush;— to fight;—
To fight! perchance to bleed;—ay, there's the rub,
For in this fight what streams of blood may flow;
What broken bones, what bruised bodies sore,
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes this riot of so long a life;
For who would bear the taunts of those above us,
The Professors' frowns, the Students' contumely,
The pangs of cowardice, the urging Provost,
The insolent lieutenants, and the spurns
Which we as dastards from the unwashed bear;
When we ourselves might our quietus make
By a clear cut. Who would batons bear,
To quake and fear at every foolish cry;
But that the love of something after toil,
The ever pleasing fee, the magic spell,
That makes the whisky flow, soothing the conscience,
For which we swear to deeds that never were,
And that those never were which thousands saw.
Thus avarice doth make villains of us all;
And thus the native hue of truth and virtue
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of perjury;
And courts which do decide the cause of strife,
By our false oaths their judgments turn awry,
And lose the name of JUSTICE.

"PONDUS."

A FEW IDEAS OF THE POLICE.

1.—*Borthwick's Idea of Pond.*

Pond, yung in ears, yet in sayge cownsel old!
What your idears of these rous may be
It is not for a simpil wite like me
To come for to endevor to unfold;
But this I nos, that Alecksander bold,
Who conkered Kresus at Thermipole,
Coud never shurely be compared to thee!
Thy baton, Pond, is worth his weight in gold.
If any man presumes to say its not,
And dares asert the facks in open fight,
I'm reddy to engag him on the spot;
That is, if he's not more than ten stun wite;
And if he's more, whether he's drunk or not,
Jist let me kitch him on my beat at nite!

2.—*Gunn's Idea of Excitement.*

They axed me if I wos not given to drink;
Prehaps they axed to make the stoodents laff;
But Pond's my witnes, that I does not think

I had more than nine pots of half-and-half,
Upon the mornin when the rous began,
(Barrin' a flash o' lightnin' at the bar.)
Now ivery bodi nos as how a man
His dooti does more betterer by far
When he's got summat short below his belt.
Although my bodi was unkimmon hot,
My mind, by Goles, was nearly in a frizz;
So much, that in the rou, I almost felt
As if I coud have drunk another pot.
This my hidear of ecksitment is.

3.—*Thomson's Idea of the Infirmary Ball.*

"Among the company present we remarked the Earl of Morton, Lord Greenock, Lieutenant Thomson of the Police," &c. &c.—*Newspaper Report.*

It was indeed a regular cookie shine!
Such lots of pretty girls—such gauze and laces!
And then the rapture of their smiling faces,
As each one looked so sweetly into mine!
I swear by Jingo—no—but by the graces,
There was not one of all the fellows there,
Who did not, with an eye of envy, stare
At my new coat, black smalls, and velvet braces.
And then the supper! Blow me tight, what ham,
And fowls, and turkies—jellies on a tray—
Ices and lush—*real* wine!! Did I not cram?
I took *at least* my ticket's worth away.
But here's the Scotsman—bless us! here I am.
My name is in the papers too—Hooray!

4.—*The Baker's want of an Idea.*

I didna like ava the baking baps.
I hae mair smeddum in me, Sir, than that;
So I cuist off my apron, took my hat,
And gaed to Captain Stewart's; for perhaps
I thocht they micht employ anither hand.
He telt me to gang down the street, and see
The puppies bikering the division B.
I got nae stick tho'—Eh Sirs! it was grand,
To march along with bauld Looftenant Kerr.
But losh sitch fechtin!—"Did you fight?" Aha!
I had mair gumption than to gang ower near;
I just looked on—What gars the men guffaw?
"Then your idea on the whole"—Idear!
I've nae idears in my head ava!

3.—*Paton's Idea of the Ancients.*

Oft have I mused on Plato's golden page,
And reasoned largely on the glorying theme,
Within the temples of another age,
When Fancy led me back to Academe!

O blessed vision! O transporting dream!
O happy, happy groves, wherein the sage
Knew not the cudgel's use, or raised in rage
The crabstick ponderous as a weaver's beam!
But all was learning, love, and Hippocrene.
O how ignoble seems the modern mind,
So restless, troubled and so unserene.
Search Britain through, and you will only find
One true philosopher,—myself, I mean,
Carver and Gilder,* twenty-five, Horse Wynd.

THE VERITABLE JIM CROW!

There's a riot been at College, which has made a pretty fuss,
And stirred up mob and Magistrates, and soldiers against us;
But we turned about, and turned 'em out, and did just so,
And every time we turned 'em out, they jumped Jim Crow.

The snow-balls, they flew thick and fast, and damaged heads and tails;
The Charlies took their batons up, and wielded them like flails;
But we turned about, and turned 'em out, and did just so,
And every time we turned 'em out, they jumped Jim Crow.

They marched up against the gates in blustering array,
And shoved the blackguards front to get the first of the affray;
But we turned about, and turned 'em out, and did just so,
And every time we turned 'em out, they jumped Jim Crow.

The Constables, good honest souls! were careful of their nobs,
And stood behind a triple row of blackguards and of snobs;
But we turned about, and thumped about, and did just so,
And every time we turned 'em out, they jumped Jim Crow.

And if they caught a Student out, six pounced upon him straight,
And lugged him, neck and crop, before the civil (?) Magistrate;
So they turned about, and thumped about, and did just so,
And every time they turned about, they jumped Jim Crow.

They hauled him off to quod at once, and dragged him up the street
Amid the cheers that followed such a wondrous valiant feat;
So they turned about, and wheeled about, and did just so,
And every time they turned about, they jumped Jim Crow.

They made a rush against the gates, they found it was in vain;
They turned about upon the steps, and—tumbled down again;
So they turned about, and thumped about, and found it was no go,
They turned about, and wheeled about, and jumped Jim Crow.

A few that got inside the gates—with labour, toil, and pain—
We thrashed them to their heart's content, and turned 'em out again;
So we turned about, and thumped 'em out, and did just so,
And every time we turned 'em out, they jumped Jim Crow.

* Picture frames repaired at the shortest notice, and on the most moderate terms.

The Provost read the riot act, to take us by surprise,—
We flummoxed him, and knocked his castor well down o'er his eyes,
So he turned about, and wheeled about, and did just so,
And every time he wheeled about, he jumped Jim Crow.

His ears so rang—that when his head was freed by friendly hand,
He, liking not such music, sought a military band;
So he turned about, and wheeled about, and did just so,
And every time he turned about, he jumped Jim Crow.

The policemen made a desperate rush, backed by all the rest,—
And, tho' curses flew like swallows, we could hardly them digest,
So we turned about, and thumped about, and did just so,
And every time we turned 'em out, they jumped Jim Crow.

The gallant Major stormed the gates, brandishing his sword,
And marched upon the prostrate forms of those that had been floored;
So he wheeled about, and faced about, and did just so,
And every time he turned about, he jumped Jim Crow.

The trumpeter came charging in—trumpeting about,—
A snow-ball gave him such a blow—he blew his trumpet out,—
So he wheeled about, and faced about, and did just so,
And every time he wheeled about, he jumped Jim Crow.

The soldiers charged with bayonets on snow-balls and on sticks,
And however well we fought, we couldn't "kick against the pricks;"
So they turned about, and turned us out, and did just so,
And every time they turned us out, they jumped Jim Crow.

So long live the Queen, and all the Royal Family,—the Clergy, Lords and Commons, Professors, Students, Conservative Associations—Army, Navy, Commerce, Peace!
And d—n the blackguard mob—and cowardly police;
For they wheel about, and turn about, and do just so,
And every time they turn about, they jump Jim Crow.

LORD NORTHO. (Knoweth who.)

THE STUDENT'S WARNING.

Beware, ye Policemen, beware for the day,
When you marched to the College to quell the affray;
When the Students were thrashing the artizan throng,
Who had dared to insult them in passing along

Let the Provost, and Police, and Bailies, beware
Of the day when they tried their authority there,
For vain was their boasting, and short was their reign,
And the brave hearts that quelled them can do it again.

For think not from mob a Policeman will run,
Though ourselves are a thousand our minds shall be one,
And we'll stand to the last for our honour and halls,
Ere the feet of such dastards shall enter its walls.

Beware, too, ye townsmen, and shopkeeper throng,
Who wish to oppress us in right and in wrong;
Tho' from blackguards to Bailies all join in your cause,
And a Student can find no redress in the laws.

Think not to despise us, though strangers we be,
'Tis yourselves are dependent, while we are the free,
You are chained to your counters, the Student may roam,
And proud is each College to offer a home.

Then the sons of Edina may languish in vain,
For the star of her glory will sink on the wane,
And deserted by those whom they now would appal,
They might sigh for the days which they could not recall.

When the halls of our College lie desert and lone,
And the grass shall be green in their portals of stone,
Ah! then would the townsmen in anguish and woe,
Repent of the day when we met in the snow.

And the fair bosomed maidens would mourn for the fray,
Which first sent the flower of their city away;
And oft unschorted and wandering alone,
Would drop a soft tear on the days that are flown.

And the Bailies and Provost, and all the vile crew,
Who live by our fines, their folly would rue,
And when creditors press them, and funds are run low,
They would sigh for the Students and think of the snow.

NESTOR.

FROSTEÏDOS.

Liber Solus.

Frosty policeque cano, Reekie qui primus ab office
In High Street, ad College venibant quellere riot,
Regiment assistente novem et septuaginta,
Bayonetibus fixis, shottisque et powdere multo;
Musa, mihi causas memora, what Student offended,
Quidve dolens parentis Provosti, tot askere queries
Insignem foolery Lord Rector, tot adire so much slang
Impulerit. Tantaene animis Studentibus Irae!
Urbs antiqua fuit (Bailies tenuere coloni,)
Edina, Burntisland contra, Fortharenaque longa
Ostia, very poor, Studiisque asperrima physic,
Hinc erat collegium, edificum very superbum;
Hinc erant Studentes, collected from every terra,
De first-rate Magistros qui sapientia tucked in,
Discincti juvenes amantes scienceque mischief,
Spes Scotiae erant, spes atque Brittaniae magnae.
Hinc etiam erant animalia batonibus ar-med,
Studentes arrestere toujours et frangere pacem,
"Policemen" Dii, "Charlies" qui homines vocant.

Hinc erant Bailies, Frosty et alia mobbi.
Anno incipiente happenabit, snowere multum
Et Gelu intensum streetas coverabit wi' slidas,
Constanterque little boys, stided et pitched about snow-balls,
Quorum not-a-few bunged up the eyes of Studentes
Irritate, Studentes chargebant policemen to take up
Little boyos, sed Charlies refusabant so for to do then
Contemptim Studentes appellabant "Pedica*tores*."
Studentes indignant, reverberant complimenta.
Cum multi homines "blackguards" qui gentlemen vocant.
Bakers, et Butchers, et Bullies, et Colliers, atres,
Et alios, cessatores qui locus ecclessiæ frequent
"Tron Church" et Cowgate cum its oderiferous abyss.
Assaultant Studentes stickis et umberelibus.
"Hit 'em hard! Hit 'em hard!" Shoutant "damnatos puppies,"
"Catamitos que torios" appellant et various vile terms,
Studentes audiebant, sed devil an answer retur-ned.
Mobbus Policeque runt downpullere portas;
Studentes cudgellis thickheados populi crackunt,
Et smashunt fenestras interim snow-balls volitantes,
Spemque metumque interdubii, on which side the triumph,
Undique Policemen sinkunt sub whackibus stickum
Undique Butchers, et Bakers, et Colliers floorabunt.
Thomsonus, bullyus in domus ill-famæ Cougatus,
Armatus umbrello poket Studentes frustra,
Umbrella shiverabunt, et Thomson cuts like the devil;
Veluti doggum cum little boys animal plagant
Et tieunt ad talum tinkettlelum loudly clinkantum,
Currit, et barkat, et *bow-wow*, *bow-wow* shoutat.
Provost riot-acto cum Dymock Quadrangulo rushet,
Sed frustra endeavorat to put a stop to the rowam;
Studentes inquirant "si mater sua cognoscit
Filum out-esse?" Sed Frosty respondit nihil!
Concurrit ad shoppum Bailie cognominat Grievum
(Asinus sed hominus) et cum boulanger Sawers,
Ad Castrum militibus Major Young atque they sendunt,
Militibus mille, annihilitare Studentes.
Horribile dictu! regimentum vite arrivat
Et in Quadrangulum ruit at double quick time,
Bayonetibus fixis, et musketis loaded cum shottis.
Subito Policemen, qui nuper were sadly frightened
Magnanimi fiunt, et right and left seize on Studentes,
Arrestant Dalrymple et Kellat, fortissimos vires;
Arrestant Aikenhead, Skirving que, Westmacott aussi,
Et luggant Studentes plures ad office in High Street.
Oh pudor! videre gentleman wery ill-treated.

* * * * * *

B. B.

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

Tune,—"Jack Robinson."

Come, fill we up the cup, and fill we up the can,
Since our glorious cause is gained, and free is every man;
In war and law alike the victory we've won,
And all through the help of Pat. Robertson!

Right hearty did we fight, right hearty did he plead;
That we were in the right, now all the world's agreed;
Though the Scotsman might abuse, we were not to be done,
As long as we'd a cudgel, and Pat. Robertson!

And though our Patrons brave, afraid of being slain,
Against the patronised did *grievously* complain,
And though with Frosty's compliments for soldiers they did run,
They could'nt conquer us or Pat. Robertson!

Though *fellow-creature* Paton, so pat in fudge and cant,
Could furnish any evidence our enemies might want,
And in his great philanthropy exclaimed against the fun,—
Such gammon would'nt do for Pat. Robertson!

And though Lieutenant Thomson for his namesake did declare,
That with parasols *(on principle,)* to poke at us is fair;
Though *loaded* well with perjury, came up the mighty Gun,
His *priming* found a *match* in Pat. Robertson!

And though Police and mob united as our foes,
Though Bakers white, and Colliers black, and Butchers red, arose,
To try how many Students with sticks and stones they'd stun—
They got it back from us and Pat. Robertson!

Then here's to our defenders, and to our judge so just,
Whose verdict showed we rightly in him did put our trust,—
To all those gallant lawyers through whom our cause we won;
To Urquhart, Whigham, Scott, and Pat. Robertson!

And here's to our Professors, and may they soon be free
From Patrons, and from Provost, and such stupid tyranny—
Now that we've "past the *Ribicon,*" full soon it shall be done
As sure as there's a joke in Pat. Robertson!

Our Glorious Defender.

Cosmo Innes. Esq.

The Sheriff.

THE FIVE HEROES.

The Man
called the Military.

The Man
wot does'nt know his
Rector.

Scene in

1 Lieut. T—n. 2 Mr B—n. 3. Cap
8. Mulholland. 9 Ross 10 Fire

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HARVARD COLLEGE
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Students' Lament.

"Och Honorie,
The pride of Albin's line is o'er."

Has auld Edina seen a wraith?
Or Alma Mater met her death?
Or the Professors lost their breath?
Hae they a host?*
"Na, waur," cry Students wi' an aith—
"Our Honor's lost!"

The Students lang may stamp and swear,
And curse, and howl, and tear their hair,
And burn their books and pamphlets rare,
Tho' much they cost:
What have they now to do with lear?
Their Honor's lost!

The pupils of renowned Galen,
May strive to hide their morbid feeling,
But down their cheeks the tears are stealing;
'Tis vain to boast!
Guid cause they hae for a' their wailing,
Their Honor's lost!

They were the pride of a' the toon,
To knock a coward Charlie doon
Wi' crab-tree stick—or crack his croon
Against a post;
But now alas! cries ilka loon—
"Their Honor's lost!"

Now safely strut the Bailie crew,
And Constables wi' batons blue,
And pólicemen wi' facings new,
And heads uptost.
Since cold in College Court we view
Our Honor lost!

Rejoice! ye base mechanic scum;
Ye sooty sweeps shout from each lum;
Ye pipe-clayed soldiers strike your drum
Sound bugle blast;
Your mortal foes are on their bum—
Their honor's lost!

That fatal morn be ever wept,
Saw us in fechting graith equip't
Wi' sticks below our oxters whipp't
Amid the frost:
But och! we foucht, and we were gripp't,
Our Honor's lost!

In vain the mob our ribs in smash;
In vain the beaks our bare skulls thrash;
In vain lump ice flies wi' a crash
Our een across;
Now all the Students greetin' clash
Of Honor lost!

---

*A short mode of enquiring, whether the Professors have a kitlin in their house.

Full many a hardy head we broke,
And aye we struck anither stroke,
Till weel armed sodgers wi' a shock,
Our gates in-brust;
Now they proclaim wi' taunting joke,
Our Honor's lost!

When at the gate we heard the trumpet,
At the policemen quick we jumpit,
And heads and legs we soundly thumpit
O' th' craven host:
Lord! twelve went down! awa we limpit,
Our Honor's lost!

Ilk Student felt a blush of shame—
Each wish'd to fecht for Alma's name—
But fear'd a bullet thro' his wame
Frae th' armed host
Whose foot marks in the court proclaim
Our Honor lost!

There low she lies on shameful bed;
Perhaps close by her 'minished head,
Some sodgers wi' their heavy tread
Our courts may cross;
Alas! we dare not them upbraid—
Our Honor's lost!

When Students at some disdant day
Shall ponder o'er these cloisters grey,
—Or be they Scots, or be they frae
Some far off coast,
They'll bring to mind wi' heartfelt wae
Our Honor lost!

Heaven pity those, whoe'er they be,
Who put us in this jeopardy;
We had twa fauts, or may be three,
So we've been crossed:
Heaven pity may—so shall not we—
Our Honor's lost!

LINES WRITTEN ON THE SNOW IN THE QUADRANGLE, BETWEEN THE TWO FILES OF SOLDIERS.

Here Edin's Students' Honor lies
By bayonets enthrall'd;
Now cits and sodgers gin she rise,
She'll see you sairly mauled,

PER CONTRA.

Go Fame and mount a horse of mettle,
And sound your horn wi' a' your ettle;
Till every Student tough or brittle
His een to dight—
For yet unstained as new brass kettle
Our Honor's bright!

TAM SAMSON.

Published by R. Weston & Sons, 1, South College Street, and 31, Lothian Street,—of whom may be had the University Maga.

THE HEROES OF THIRTY-EIGHT.

TUNE—"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen."

Here's to the heroes of thirty-eight!
Who leatherd the new police, sir,
When they came with mob to the college gate
But could not keep the peace, sir!
Fill up the glass!
Round let it pass!
He who wont drink is a snob or an ass!

Here's to the heroes of thirty-eight!
Who terrified Bailies and town, sir!
Who frightened the Provost and stopped his prate,
Then knock'd his minions down, sir!
Fill up, &c.

Here's to the soldiers, every one,
Who came in proud array, sir,
To tell us the victory we had won,
And then did march away, sir!
Fill up, &c.

Here's to the Senatus, our guardians true,
May they soon get quit of the town, sir,
From this time hence the Bailies shall rue
Their slighting Professor's gown sir!
Fill up, &c.

Here's to the snow that glittered so bright
In the College Square that day, sir,
That fell from the skies express for the fight,
When we drove the police, away, sir,!
Fill up, &c.

From this time hence one jolly good toast
Each Student shall elate, sir;
"The College, the Queen, the maids we love most,
And the heroes of thirty-eight sir!"
Fill up &c.

Published by R. WESTON & Sons, No. 1, South College Street, and 31, Lothian Street,—of whom may be had the University Maga.

A Student true my Love is born!

TUNE.—"A Highland Lad my Love is born."

A student true my love is born,
Your police courts he holds in scorn;
Still true to College and his clan
He cares not a straw for a policeman!

Sing down with mob and policeman!
Sing down with snob and policeman!
There's not a student in the land
But will singly mill three policemen.

With his castor glazed, and dreadnought coat,
He values batons not a groat;
The ladies hearts he doth trepan,
But breaks the head of a policeman!
Sing down, &c.

The provost and his silly tail
Would shut my student up in jail,
Because he fought, and never ran
From bailie, mob, and policeman!
Sing down, &c.

For loaded muskets then they sent,
And this my love did circumvent:
Against the army stand who can?
Although he thrash each policeman!
Sing down, &c.

But, Oh! they caught him at the last,
And shut him in a dungeon fast:
But when my love is free again,
Look out ye snobs and policemen!
Sing down, &c.

Published by R. Weston & Sons, No, 1, South College Street, and 31, Lothian Street,—of whom may be had the University

Parody on "Away to the Mountain's Brow."

Away, away, to the College Yard,
Where the balls are thickly flying,
And the sticks shall echo in gladness again,
To the Charlies' heads replying:
And courage, my boy, in thy heart shall dwell,
Like a lion, when roused by his foes,
While the Students the Charlies shall fell,
As easy as blowing my nose.
Away, &c.

Away, away, to the College Quad,
Where the fight is fiercely raging,
Where the Charlies' valour with blows,
The Students are quickly assuaging;
And triumph, my boy, in thy breast shall dwell,
Like a hero exulting forsooth,
For the Students a tale can now tell,
Of they fight which they've won, sir, in truth,
Away, away, &c.

A STUDENT.

Published by R. Weston & Sons, 1, South College Street, and 31, Lothian Street,—of whom may be had the University Maga.

THE FINALE,

Inscribed to the Senatus Academicus.

Jam satis terris nivis atque diri Carminis!

Of late a battle I surveyed,
  Before the gates of College,
Between the unwashed Sons of Trade
  Against the Sons of Knowledge.

In vain the mob with Charlies mixed
  Did strive the courts to enter,
Till soldiers came with bayonets fixed,
  And charged into the centre.

The praises of that glorious fight,
  I gladly would have sung,
Had not, a flood of splendour bright
  Around it, Poets flung.

Who has not seen the varied strains
  In Epic, Ode, and Sonnet,
Which, thick as leaves on Autumn's plains,
  Have been poured forth upon it.

When Alexander, surnamed Great,
  Had made Darius run,
He prayed for some poetic pate,
  To sing what he had done.

For well he knew that Homer's page
  Would save Achilles' fame,
And bear to many a distant age
  The glories of his name.

And Cæsar having vanquished Gaul,
  Was shrewd enough to think,
When he had doffed his armour all,
  Of taking pen and ink,

The conquest he had made to tell
  That future times might know it,
Since this could not be done so well
  By any scribe or poet.

And hence a lesson rich as gold,
  Philosophers may draw,
That deeds of valour when untold,
  Are scarcely worth a straw.

Yet Marathon in all its glory,
  Nor Cæsar's warlike fun,
Nor all the fights of ancient story,
  By noblest heroes won;

Nor all the sieges of great cities,
  Both modern and antique,
Have called forth such a host of ditties
  In English or in Greek.

The hands that with sach matchless skill,
  Had wielded sticks before,
Seem all resolved to take a quill
  And tell their combats o'er.

I'm told that oft in grave debate,
  Within the Senate Hall,
The gowned Professors small and great
  Sit round a table all:

And then consult how best they ought
  Their powerful aid to yield,
That latent genius may be brought
  From where it lies concealed.

One says they should propose some prizes
  In books or solid gold,
And every one some scheme devises
  Which need not here be told.

But all are quite agreed, *de hoc*,
  That somewhere in our College,
There lies a most abundant stock
  Of brilliant wit and knowledge.

A better plan I now would lay
  Before the sage Senatus,
Whereby without the wond'rous play
  Of any prize *afflatus*.

The souls of Students may be fired
  With a Pindaric spirir,
And effloresce, when thus inspired,
  In works of rarest merit.

And when this novel scheme they've heard,
  They ought at least to try it;
Just bring the Charlies to our yard,
  And let us have a riot.

J. M. Democritus.

Hdge,

THE QUESTION.

Hear! Hear!! Hear!!!

—Hansard's Parliamentary Debates.

Police, or no police, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The knocks and thumps of an outrageous Charlie,
Or to take clubs against a sea of rogues,
And, by opposing, finish them?—To kick
No more!—and by a crack to say we end
The Charlies, and the thousand d—d police
The Student is opposed to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. Then to crack,
Perchance a Charlie's head; aye, there's the rub:
For by that dreadful crack what death may come,
When we have smashed a fighting Charlie's knob.
But if we pause,—then comes a sorry calm,
That mars the glory of the sturdy fight:
For who would bear the gathered snobs vile shout,
The policeman's grin, the Bailie's rank abuse,
The Provost's gab, the Magistrate's delay,
The insolence of office, and the thumps
The patient Student of the Charlie takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With acid Prussic? who would snow balls bear,
And sweat beneath a vile policeman's staff;
But that the dread of something more to come,—
The labyrinth of Law, from whose dread bourne
But few unplucked return,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear a few smart raps,
Then fly to law, or to the Bailie's Court?
And thus sometimes too kindly we relent;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er full soon with doubts unsound,
And stirring battles of great pith and merit,
With this good feeling turn their tide awry,
And lose the name of fight.

Jan. 16, 1838.

N.B.—In justice to the author of the above, it should be stated that the "Question," was written previous to the appearance of the "Policeman's Soliloquy."

Published by R. Weston & Sons, 1 South College Street, and 31, Lothian Street.

Lieut P—d's Soliloquy.

Now is the clincher to our cowardice
Made public scandal by this snow-ball row;
And all the cheers from the unwashed mob,
In the deep cells of our dungeons buried.
Now are our brows bound with the Surgeon's straps,
Our walloped arms the butt of Student's wit;
Our City livery in awful tatters torn,
Our dreaded batons the children's hoop-sticks made,
The College war hath smashed our napless hats;
And now,—instead of pacing haunted streets,
To walk and strut and fright the snobs from sliding there,
Like hapless curs—when by blackguards hooted,
Their tails depress—we crawl in fear and hide
Our battered skulls beneath our brimless hats:
But I,—that am not fit for Students' wars,
But made to court an amorous looking glass;
I,—the once admired of Princes Street.
Now cut by all, and made the laugh of nurs'ry maids;
I—that am maull'd of this fair proportion,
My eyes bunged up by reckless Students' sticks,
Cudgelled, flummoxed, sent against my will
Into the College Quad., by that d——d S——t,
And that so quickly and in such a plight,
That snobs cried, "Does your mother know you are out,"
To quell a snow-ball row:—By Jove! it drives me mad,
Why I, since thus so thrashed by College men,
Have nought do do to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my figure in my glass,
And mourn o'er the fate of my last new coat.
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a Charlie,
To entertain the Students in snow-ball fights,
I am determined to cut my lucky,
And join the frozen pleasures of these days.
Plots will I make,—inductions dangerous,
To set my Brother S——t and the Meds,
In snow-ball fight the one against the other;
And if the Students be as brave and true,
As the Charlies are mean, false and dastardly,
Ere long, shall S——t receive a College treat,
And I once more parading Princes Street.
Dive, thoughts, down to my desk! here comes S—t.

Published by B. Weston & Sons, 1 South College St. and 31, Lothian Street.

The Brave Lieutenant.

When battle rages fierce and loud,
Whose voice is heard above the crowd?
Who cries in accents firm and loud?
Who but the gallant P—d!
'Forward again—"the cowards" charge—
Break every head, both small and large,
Lay on your batons thick and hard,'
Shouts brave Lieutenant P—d.

His men, all anxious for the fame
Of that beloved and loving name,
Declare, that none shall lead again,
But valliant, valliant P—d!

But P—d would rather be excused;
(Not that he cared for thump or bruise)
But only, 'cause he didn't chuse
To face so rude a throng.

Still S——t's legion ever brave,
Determined P—d alone could save,
And every man his shoulder gave,
To shove up polished P—d.

His scruples rudely forced away,
He tries their ardour for to stay,
By pushing backward from the fray,
With legs extended far.

But shoulders, stouter than his own,
Push on, in spite of many a moan,
And carry e'en to battle's foam
The *outward-striving* P—d.

The first blow struck, the signal given,
In vain the powers of earth had striven,
In vain the strength of any living,
To hold Lieutenant P—d!

Nor more in student's sight was seen
That day; till soldiers came at e'n,
When who so bright, so brave, so keen,
As all-victorious P—d?

But ah! who knows a mother's care?
Or how prevails a weeping fair?
Or who would for a moment dare,
To censure feeling P—d?

Because he heard their loud entreat,
And for a time had shunned the street,
Lest he some accident should meet,
That might his beauty spoil.

But, (not to tell the tale of some)
That, by exertion overdone,
In making such a desperate run,
Poor P—d was really ill.

The Charlies.

Odi profanum vulgus et arces.
HORACE.

Who kicked up all the rows last week?
And then on us their vengeance wreak'd,
But now who look so very meek?
The Charlies.

Whom did the Students soundly thrash?
And on their sculls made many a gash—
(For 'tis well known they love to slash)—
The Charlies.

Who're mis-named "Keepers of the Peace?"
Why, doubtless, Modern Athens' Police:
Yet, what a flock of stupid geese,
The Charlies.

Who talk so much, and do so little,
(Since they've been left by Sir James Spittal,)
Because their heads are very brittle?
The Charlies.

And now, Sir, we have sent to pot—
Considering that as their due lot;
Those who were conquered on the spot,
The Charlies.

Now Alma Mater, raise a shout!
Prepare each man his crab-stick stout:
For yet, again, we'll put to rout
The Charlies.

JOE JINGLE, BACHELOR.

Published by R. WESTON & SONS, 1, South College-street, and 31, Lothian-street,—of whom may be had the University Maga.

Jim Crow's

ACCOUNT OF THE SNOW FIGHT.

From the EVENING POST of Saturday Jan. 20, 1838.

"Massa James Crow present him compliments to Massa Post, and beg to send him a count of de grand fight at de College, between de Tudent and de British Army. Massa Crow not a great scolar, and derefore cannot speak very butiful, but he speak de hole truth, and dat is much more better. Always speak de truth Massa Post, and you speak very butiful."

It need good conscience tell a story,
No man should speak widout it—
Jim Crow is man of honor, so
He'll tell you all about it.

Veel about and turn about,
And jump in de snow;
Eb'ry time I veel about,
I jump Jim Crow.

On Tursday it vas very cold,
Jim Crow sing at de College,
Vhen out come tree five tudent men,
Wid dere arm all full of knowledge.
So veel about, &c.

Some fellas dat vas sliding dere
Trow one snow-ball, den another:
De tudent ask dem, "Vat you mean?"
Dey answer, "How's your moder?
And veel about, &c.

De buckra gemman den vent off,
Jim Crow feel quite as hame,
Some more come out, de blagard den
Treat dem all just de same.
Veel abont, &c.

De Charlie-men laugh but don't speak,
They laugh at tudent too:
Jim Crow wish he had got a stick,
He'd teach dem vat to do.
Veel about, &c.

At last de tudent men get crabbed
And trow back at the mob,
And say dey wouldn't stand no more
To be sulted by de snob.
Veel about, &c.

Police den interfere, and tell
De tudent to give ober;
But why dey didn't tell de first,
Jim Crow could not discober.
Veel about, &c.

De fight now come worse and worse,
De shopmen shut dere shops,
De Charlies use de stick and knock
De tudent in de chop.
Veel about, &c.

Professor come, de Probost, Baillie—
Tudent mind dem not a bit;
At last de heads began to broke,
Probost all at his end's wit.
Veel about, &c.

He send for soldier from de Castle
Wid lead-ball 'gainst de snow-ball:
A Charlie take de tudent up,
And den drive off de mob all,
Veel about, &c.

So dat's de way de fight began,
And dat's de way it ended:
And so Jim Crow can say no more,
But hope you're not offended.
Veel about, &c.

THE CHARLIES TO THE ROW HAVE GONE.

Possunt quia posse videntur.
VIRGIL.

AIR.—"The Minstrel Boy."

Oh! all the Charlies to the row have gone,
At the College gates you'll find them;
They quailing stand with their big-coats on,
While the snow-balls fly around them:
"Lads of mettle," cried their Captain bold,
"Tho' the Students now do pelt ye,
I'll send for the Provost, and have him told
To call in the military to help ye."

The lobsters came,—but the Sudents' blows
Were of no avail 'gainst their number,
For the Charlies retir'd with many a broken nose,
And they burst our gates asunder:
And cried "No force shall keep us out,—
Far famed we are for bravery!
Our gallant Major has led us on,
Then forward, on to victory!

ION.

Published by W. Glass, South Bridge.

PARODY

On Byron's "Battle of Waterloo."

There was a sound of bloodless snow-ball fight,
  And Scotia's Capital had gathered then
Her flower of youth and chivalry—and 'spite
  Of heavy snow, still skirmished her young men:
A thousand aims hit happily—and when
  On many a face rose a "voluptuous swell,"
Black eyes glanced ire to eyes which spake again,
  And all unheeded was the College bell—
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
    knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
  Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the fight, and let those rabble find
  That though at morn when Hope and Pillans meet,
They pelt the students singly in the street—
  —But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more
As if these walls its echo would repeat;
  And nearer, clearer, louder than before,
"Sticks, Sticks!" arm, arm!" "it is policemen at
    the door!"

Within a windowed niche of civic hall
  Sat the Lord Provost trembling; he did hear
The news,—police and mob were vanquished all!
  Filled was his little heart with fluttering fear;
And though some Bailies laughed at every cheer,
  His heart more truly knew, the Students, well
Despised their Rector as they do small beer;
  And roused the pride of power, the fight to quell
He rushed down stairs, and on a sage expedient fell:

"Let there be mounting in hot haste," he cried,
  "Let mustering troops the Castle gates unbar;"
And, pouring forward with impetuous speed,
  Lo! swift they form themselves in ranks of war,
To earn a deathless fame without a scar,
  All by the tuck of their alarming drum,
And by the glittering of their bayonets bare;
  While thronged the citizens with terror dumb
Or whispering with white lips, "The Cotton Spin-
    ners have come."

Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro,
  Wounded police, and signals of distress;
That mob looked pale! which but an hour ago
  Scowled 'mid the dingy hues of filthiness;
And there were sudden partings, 'mid the press
  Of the blockaded; each policeman vies
In insult to the captured; who could guess
  What temperature "freezing" signifies?
Since upon morn so cold, so hot a fray could rise?

And wild and high each brandished cudgel rose,
  Those war-clubs of the north—from Albyn's hills,
Right hard—and hard too were their stuning blows.
  When, 'midst the thickening fight a pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill:—And as the breath that fills
  That mountain pipe, so filled the civic seers
With that high valour which the sight inspires
  Of friendly troops advances in their rear;
"The day's our own," they cried, "the 79th appears."

Dragged thro' the mob, full many a Student leaves
  The guarded gate—and, pelted as they pass,
Breathing (if aught so closely held, e'er breathes)
  Revenge against the brutal knaves. Alas!
'Till evening, to be stowed away like grass
  In some dark cellar 'midst the pelting snow,
Far from their mates, an indescriminate mass
  Of wounded valour, captured by the foe,
But burning still with rage, in dungeon cold and low

That noon beheld the College full of life,
  The afternoon looked on the stirring fray,
The hour of three hath heard the sound of strife,
  It saw the bayonets charge;—the closing day
Beheld the 79th march out in firm array;
  The College gates close after them—and bent
Is each policeman's eye on what now lay
  Within the still Quadrangle, heaped and pent,
Sticks, hats, coat tails, pound notes, in one sad burial blent.

Published by R. Weston & Sons, 1, South College Street, and 31, Lothian Street,—of whom may be had the University Maga.

SNOW-BALLS

VERSUS

BATONS AND BAYONETS.

The policemen came down like the wolf on the fold,
Their fingers all muffled with mitts from the cold;
And their batons like broad-swords career'd in the air,
Or like Paddy's shilellas at Donybrook fair.

Like the constables set round their annual dinners,
That host muster'd out 'gainst the pea-coated sinners;
Like themselves, long ere midnight laid snug 'neath the table,
These feather-bed soldiers soon fled—*who were able.*

For the scions of genius, from the college had passed,
In the eyes of the darbies, their snow balls to cast;
Though white, they soon dyed them as black as the sloe,
And for wreathing contortions, they rival'd Jim Crow.

The snow-balls are dashing, the windows are crashing,
The bald crowns are smashing—a terrible row;
And the provost, with gold chain, harangues in a bold strain,
But not one will now deign t' his mandate to bow.

Next the riot act's read, and a bugle is sounded,
And quick to the rescue, without breeks have bounded,
Of Victoria's red-coats, a couple of legions,
To cut down the loyal and gallant collegians.

Their *gallantry* now, not their courage has yielded,
The name of their young queen, the Charlies has shielded,
The court is all silent, the constables gone,
And the youths are assembled around Christison.

" Come my brave little fellows, put up your shilellas,
" The authorities tell us that you are to blame,
" I'll never believe it—I cannot conceive it,
" But, the court we must leave it, to the wounded and slain."

Let's on to the office your comrades to bail,
Their speedy acquital we'll joyfully hail,
For the might of the police, that pitiful clan,
Hath melted like snow in a red frying pan.

Φιλομαχης.

BALFOUR & JACK, Printers.

HEBREW MELODY.

The Provost came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his fingers were gleaming with diamonds and gold,
And the flash of his eye was like Etna's wild blaze,
On which human peepers undazzled can't gaze.

He frowned as his skin with great fury would burst,
To leather the Students, he wished if he durst,
For his hosts were arranged at the north College Gate,
He thought when he came, he had come rather late.

His Pollies at mid-day were fresh and whole skinned,
At three they were mauled, and their numbers were thinned,
For as rocks by the bolts of the lightning are riven,
His hosts with the mob from the College were driven.

And there lay the Polly disarmed and crushed,
With his heels in the air, and his mouth in the dust,
With the blood on his clothes from a gash in his brow,
And his shocking hat pelted by cudgels and snow.

And the widows of Charlies are loud in their wail,
But Cork now gets merchants for Porter and Ale;
For the joy of the Students at smashing the mob,
Makes them spend every sixpence, and half-crown, and bob.

So the Provost goes home monstrous down in the chops,
While a tear of hot grief from his weeping eye drops,
That the pride of the Students unquenched by the mobs,
Should have battered his hounds with the bludgeon and nobs.

RABBI BEN ISRAEL.

Published by R. WESTON & Sons, No. 1, South College Street, and 31, Lothian Street,—of whom may be had the University Mace.

The Defeat of the Charlies !

"Arma Virosque cano."

Students who so nobly fought,
And victory so bravely bought !
Students who Charlies' heads have shattered,
And many a pole so well have battered ;
'Twas on that day, 'twas in that hour,
You shewed your courage and your power;
List to my say, I pray you all,
I sing the rout, defeat, and fall,
Of Charlies, ignominious crew,
Who from your hands received their due.

Hark ! to those pealing cheers that sound afar,
The echoing signal of the sturdy war,
Assembling at that cry, the Student's close,
And rush to battle with their mustering foes ;
List to the rattling clatter of the sticks,
The hollow booming of resounding licks ;
See how the snow-clad earth is stained with gore,
And hark ! the welkin rings with loud uproar ;
Charging, *en masse*, the gallant Students sweep,
Their wounded foes, in a confused heap,
Who pounded, beaten, driven to despair,
With groans and curses, madly rend the air;
Thus foiled, the Charlies now the mob incite
To join their standard, and renew the fight.
Once more within the gates they take their stand,
And fiercer glows the combat, hand to hand ;
Short space the doubtful contest they maintain,
Fighting with savage fury, but in vain,
For nought against our heroes they avail,
Whose deadly blows fall thick as pattering hail !
In streams the sanguine torrent dyes the ground,
And prostrate warriors shew the earth around ;
" Up, Guards and at them !" was the cheering cry,
Quickly, the constables before them fly,—
When sudden on Edina's "echos born,"
Is heard the clamour of the bugle horn ;
A serried line of shining steel appears,
Sent to tranquilise the Provost's fears,
The warriors who fought at Waterloo,
To battle came, their laurels to renew.
Here ceased the fight, and here shall end my song :
The row was quieted, dispersed the throng.
Such gallant combat ne'er shall we forget,
But hope we'll have another shindy yet.

Published by R. Weston & Sons, 1, South College Street, and 31,

Vidi

....uncta terrarum subacta
Preter atrocem animum catonis.

HORACE.

When prenticed billies leave their shops,
And hameward haste to drink their slops,
Where mingled brose and bitter hops
Relieve their long expectant hopes,
Without the aid of mutton chops.
Rive hungry guts, dream on the bridges
Of smoking plates of water porridges;
Nor can the freizing drifts of snow
Repress their long lit inward glow
Which burns intensely I càn swear,
When in the court of Adam's Square
They breathe of Cork's most sumptuous fare.

With such like thoughts, some starving wights
Were pegging fast along the streets,
And stopped a moment just to try
How snow-balls dim a Student's eye;
Nor had they long to wait and see
What int'rest's paid on sterling money,—
Some bought a dear annuity.
For cudgels tell a fearful tale,
When crushed on brows of brittle spail—
And half-fed Charlies feel the blows
A lusty Student's arm bestows.

Dun Edina's far-famed College shall
To generations all, recall
The actings of that fearful day,
When Students joined in bloody fray
With troops in full equipped array,
And blackguards dressed in dingy grey,—
With Duff and haughty Captain too,
Backed by his whinging rascal crew,
Who hardly know to speak what's true.

The Student's fought—the mob were beat—
The snobs went crying down the street;
The polies fled, and few were spared
To tell how ill their neighbours fared;
For every onset told too late,
The dire avenging blows of fate,
Which rent the Charlies itchy pates.

To George's Square, a Charlie hied
Where, as I heard, the Provost stayed:
The Provost came—a man I'm told
Wallowing in silver and in gold;
'Tis also said he must be bold—
For as he shivered in the cold,
He proved himself a bloody scold.

Oh! had his worthy mother known
That he had strayed so far from home,
Forlorn, defenceless, and alone
Upon the open mob-thronged street,
She would have sent a thousand men
To search where he had last been seen—
Sheltering himself behind the screen
Of a Student's waistcoat pocket.
From many a vein the hot blood sprung,
And ere it ceased. the night had flung—
Like ashes on a heap of dung—
Her mantle o'er the town;
And many a Charlie's brain concussed,
Remembers how the Students rushed
Determined, cool, and still uncrushed,
To beat the rebels down.
The Students hail Victoria's throne,
And loyal to her name and crown,
Will spoil that rascal's fair renown
Who dares her proud authority:
The Students too with scornful looks—
Like crags beside the sneaking brooks—
Will ne'er encourage, view, nor brook
A bailie of this city;
Who owes his station, fame, and all
To butcher, clown, and petty churle,
Who would from off its pivot hurl
Our noble constitution.
He'd cheat the poor, the rich he'd rob
To favour who is hoisted by the mob;
He'd prove himself a swindling snob,
And hated by the nation.

Nemo me impune lacessit.

Published by R Weston & Sons, 1, South College Street, and 31, Lothian Street,—of whom may be had the University Maga.

THE POLICEMAN'S LAMENT.

AIR,—*Kitty Clover.*

Oh the wild students they wallopped us so,
Oh, oh! oh, oh! *(Bis.)*
'Twas a blow and a word, not a word and a blow,
Oh, oh! oh, oh!
Oh, oh!
The Provost set us on, to put the row down,
But the students set on us, and cracked every crown,
We wer'nt up to the business, no, no!
No, no! no, no! *(Bis.)*
Home to our wives we had much better go,
Oh, oh! oh, oh!
Oh, oh!

Up to the College we marched in a row,
Marched, &c. &c.
Quickly at first, but at last very slow,
&c. &c.
We thought our *appearance*, the row would have stopped,
But, alas! we were wrong, and were horribly whopped,
For the students attacked us, and that *was* a go,
That was, &c.
So we quickly decided, that fighting was low,
Fighting, &c.

Each moment the cudgels seem'd thicker to grow,
Thicker, &c.
And the fists, right and left, they pitched into us so,
Oh, &c.
They whacked us in front, if to fight we inclin'd;
And when we ran away, oh! they kick'd us behind,
Till up march'd the 79th regiment so brave,
Regiment, &c.
A *regular* God-send, our bacon to save,
Bacon, &c.

Then how the soldiers laugh'd at us, oh, oh!
Oh, &c.
As across the Quadrangle they stood in a row,
Stood, &c.
As we carried the ringleaders off to the jail,
They were brim-full of pluck, we with terror were pale,
For more kicks than coppers, that morning we got,
Morning, &c.
And but for the troops, we had all gone to Pot,
All gone, &c.

BENJAMIN GRAB.

On Edin, when the sun was low,
On square and street, deserted now,
And College yards, the winter snow
Descended fast and heavily.

But soon these yards an aspect new
Presented to the wond'ring view,
Of students, a pea-coated crew,
Were pelting snow-balls merrily.

And fiercer still their rage shall glow
When pelted by a rabble foe,
Who, single students as they go
To classes, bicker shamefully.

And hark a loud alarm we hear,
A host of new police appear,
With many a rascal in the rear
Of night patrol and constable.

With seedy coats of blue and red,
And napless hat on every head,
And batons boldly brandished
They charge the students gallantly.

But though they rush into the fray,
Incited by the love of pay,
The students are as good as they,
And meet them well and valiantly.

The combat thickens: now they mix
With batons, fists, and knotted sticks,
And see retreating, whacked like bricks,
The blue and red authorities.

Again they charge, again they fly,
Before the crabsticks brandished high,
While on the field of battle lie
The wounded swearing horribly.

The constables are beaten quite,
And fearful to renew the fight,
The mob they shamefully incite
To help to mill the gentlemen.

Hark how the riot act is read,
And with the major at their head
The soldiers are exhibited,
A most decided sedative.

No further use for fighting now;
On every hand they must allow
We've had the victory in the row,
And whacked the polies handsomely.

MATTHEW.

A PARODY ON HOHENLINDEN.

At College, cheered by sunny glow,
All placid lay the untrodden snow,
And strong as Crawley was the flow
Of Students ent'ring rapidly.

But College showed another sight,
At Two, when strongest is the might
Of blackguards crammed with dinner tight,
To try a battle steadily.

By jeer and insult both attacked,
The Student each his fellow backed;
For would we let the gates be sacked
By any mob so readily?

Then shook the shops with snow-balls riven,
Then flew the mob completely driven,
And volleying like the bolts of Heaven,
Far flashed the red-cuffed Polerie!

Now deeper still the combat burns,
And blows deal hard, where Charlie turns,
And quick enough, by jing, he learns
That Students strike most nobly.

'Tis Three—and now behold the Provost high,
With riot act approaches nigh,
And gazing round with ghastly eye,
He reads away right seriously!!

The combat ends—rush on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave,
Wave, Reekie, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy infantry.

Few, few shall pelt us where we meet,
The snow shall wrap their eyes complete,
And every stone beneath our feet,
Shall tell of Charlie's destiny.

LAMBDA.

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